The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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Life's Roses.

WHEN the morning first uncloses,
And before the mists are gone,
And the hills seem bright as roses,
Just a little farther on;

Roses red as wings of starlings,
And with diamond dewdrops wet;
"Wait," says patience, "wait, my darlings—
Wait a little longer yet."

So with eager, upturned faces,
Wait the children for the hours
That shall bring them to the places
Of the tantalizing flowers.

Wild with wonder, sweet with guesses,
Vexed with only fleeting fears;
So the broader day advances,
And the twilight disappears.

Hands begin to clutch at posies,
Eyes to flash with new delight,
And the roses, oh! the roses,
Burning, blushing, full in sight!

Now with bosoms softly beating,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Youths and maids together meeting,
Crowd the harvest land.

Not a thought of rainy weather,
Nor of thorns to sting and grieve,
Gather, gather, gather, gather,—
All the care is what to leave!

Noon to afternoon advances,
Rosy red grows russet brown,
Sad eyes turn to backward glances;
So the sun of youth goes down.

And as rose by rose is withered,
Sober sight begins to find
Many a false heart has been gathered,
Many a true one left behind.

Hands are clasped with fainter holding,
Unfilled souls begin to sigh
For the golden, glad unfolding
Of the morn beyond the sky.

Alice Cary.

For the Myrtle.

Talks About the Birds.

IT is a bright June day; the sky is silvery blue, gladsome to the eyes as the air is exhilarating to the spirits. Heavy rains have fallen for a few days past, and the trees and fields show their clean green robes, looking so rich and inviting as we go out to greet them. What a morning for a stroll by the orchards and mowing fields and into the woods and meadows. But the birds are here before us. Hear that loudest one of them all! What is there like him among all the songsters, so sprightly, so happy, so gay? How rapidly his notes run, and what glorious melody they make! how he showers out his music upon us! Do you know who I mean? Bobolink. He is singing on the wing, singing as he alights on the tree-top; and as he darts from there down into the low grass, his song is going on all the while. His dress is jet black, with nicely arranged white and gray trimmings. He has a worm in his bill for the young bobbies somewhere near; but this does not hinder his blithesome strains. No Canary-bird imported to our shores ever gave out such rich music as his. Musically noisy is the Canary, but the Bobolink has a sweetness, richness and sparkling gleefulness in his song which the Canary cannot give us. Bobby ought not to be caged, however. His song is one of freedom as it rings through our summer fields and skies. He is the Skylark of New England.

A few words about the varied life which these birds have during the year. In April, May and June the male birds are constantly singing; but towards the end of June they become silent, their plumage begins to change, till by the close of August they assume the coloring of the females, a modest gray. In August they assemble in large flocks, their sweet singing has ceased, and only a short, sharp chirrup is heard from them. They fly South in great throngs, darkening the air like clouds, and the sounds of their wings can sometimes be heard at a distance like far-off thunder. They frequent the river beds and lake margins where the wild rice grows abundantly. Late in September and early in October they go farthest south to the Gulf of Mexico, getting their living among the rice-fields. Here they become so fat and sluggish that they can scarcely fly, and when shot are frequently known to burst open when striking the ground. They cross the Gulf to Cuba and Jamaica, where they make ravages on the seeds of the guinea grass, and are called, from their habits of high living and plump bodies, the "butter birds." But few birds have such a variety of life during the year as our jolly bobolink.

Something like a deep red fire-flash passes us in the sunlight that struggles through the trees. It is one of this bird-choir, the Scarlet Tanager. A brilliant bird is he, glowing like a coal against the dark green background of the trees. He is a solitary bird, and you must go into the woods most generally to see him. I shall never forget the feast my eyes had when I first beheld him in the woods of Maine, years ago. He was so unexpected a visitant, and had such a rich dress on; and his song answered well to his splendid apparel. A rare musician is he, pouring forth his sweet and mellow strains from the highest places of the tallest trees, or often near to the mountain-tops where he likes to fly. His body is of deep scarlet, admirably set off with black upon his wings and tail. This is his summer gala-day suit. In autumn it is changed to a dull yellowish green. Mrs. Tanager wears this last-named dress all the season.

There is a melodious whistle from the limb of a wide oak near by. It comes from one of the liveliest of the bird tribe, quick as a flash in his motions, and seeming to have a very pressing business in hand. It is the Red-eyed Fly-Catcher. He lives in frequented and in solitary places. He is heard from the old tree-tops on Boston Common, and his sweet strains mingle in strong contrast with the rattle of wheels, the clatter of hoofs and the feet and voices of the busy passers to and fro. He is about the size of a sparrow, and of an olive-brown color. He is a distinguished representative of a large family. The Fly-Catchers among birds are something like the Smiths, Browns and Joneses among American folks. The Red-eyed, White-eyed, Warbling, Solitary, and others, are the different families. A part of them are fine songsters, the White-eyed being the most lively and animated. There are found in the United States nineteen specimens of this bird. The king-bird, phœbe-bird and wood-pewee are classed among them. The fly-catchers are very swift-winged, and are most adroit marksmen when after their prey. No insect can elude them when they are earnestly intent upon it. Other birds, as the sparrow for instance, may fail in catching even a common moth. The little thing will tack and get out of the way of his pursuer. But there is no such chance in the fly-catcher's track. "One fell swoop," a snap of the beak, and the work is done. They have broad, flat beaks with bristles at the base. Some of the fly-catchers are quarrelsome fellows, fussy and spiteful among themselves, and sometimes quite ready to have a rumpus with their neighbors. The grand warrior among them is the King-bird. Here is an encounter with one of a crow, which a lively writer describes: "And now for it! There they go, at an immense height in the air; the old crow, frightened out of his wits, and squalling at a tremendous rate, the little king-bird pulling after him in full chase; now they are clapper-clawing; the king-bird souses upon him with the speed of an arrow; the clumsy black fellow shuffles and bounces about, and makes every kind of awkward manœuvre to get rid of the little tormentor, who, after enjoying the fun till he has chased him about a mile and a half, combing his feathers all the way, lets him off with a prodigious 'flea in his ear.'" Crow had been too near the king-bird's nest, and had thus awakened his ire. The king-bird has no gaudiness of dress; but his form is a model for a bird. He is very graceful as well as quick in his movements. When his crest is raised, a diadem of bright flame color contrasted with dark ash adorns his head, and gives him quite a majestic appearance. His eye is dark, full, clear, and sparkling with life.

"Pewee! pewee!" Do you hear that word sung by some of the birds in this lively company of musicians? Almost every one listening to the birds with ears open has heard it. It is the voice of the Pewee, named for its familiar song. There are quite a number of this class, all singing alike; and they are all of the Fly-catcher family. The common Pewee, or Phœbe-Bird, is a lively fellow, and is found throughout Eastern North America, from Newfoundland to Florida. It builds a nest like the barn-swallow, of mud, grasses and moss, lined with softer materials and attached to a rock, wall or rafter. They go to the same nest year after year. The old birds show great affection for their young, snapping the bill and darting boldly toward all intruders. The wood-pewee is another kind which we often hear. Its color is brownish olive, with a little black on the head, and a narrow white circle around the eyes. It is fond of the thickest forests, but sometimes sings in orchards and by the edges of still ponds surrounded by woods. Its notes are low and mellow.

Noon is approaching, and the bird-songs are lessening in number. Some of the singers are looking after their little ones, and others are enjoying a meditative season, and resting their voices for new efforts bye and bye. But still the concert is prolonged, I hear the robin now and then, and the sparrow's outpouring, and, sweetest of all songs, that of the wood-thrush, prince of warblers and musical glory of our woods and forests in the sweet summer time. More about him when we look after the birds again. The breezes faintly stir the leaves, the brooklet's light ripple is near, the squirrel chatters as he leaps from bough to bough. There is a charm in this presence of Nature and in these voices that make her temple so joyous and holy. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them." Let my grateful heart join in this mid-day manifestation of thine, in the beautiful and perfect works of thy hand!

Rev. J. G. Adams.

The Greatest of All.

Great talent renders a man famous; great merit, respect; great learning, esteem; but good-breeding alone insures love and affection.

Little Lillie.

I have been to school, father, and tried to be good;
And when I came home, as I walked through the wood,
I saw on the tree a most beautiful bird,
And his song was the sweetest that ever I heard.

He looked in my face with his little round eye;
I was sorry for that, for I thought he would fly;
But he still kept singing the same sweet song,
And it made me glad as I walked along.

And, father, the air was so fresh and so sweet,
The green grass and moss so soft to my feet,
And the ground was so bright with the beautiful flowers,
That I wanted to stay there a great many hours.

But I thought it was wrong any longer to stay,
For you told me never to stop by the way;
So I came straight home, and brother and I
Have been to the fields to make his kite fly.

And I worked in my garden, and planted some seeds,
And watered the flowers and pulled up the weeds;
And I tried to help mother all that I could—
I'm sure she will tell you I have been good."

"I am glad, little Lillie," the father replied,
As he kissed his dear girl; "I'm glad you have tried
To be a good child; so now come with me,
And sit by my side or climb on my knee;

And I'll tell you why all looked so happy and gay,
As you walked home from school through the green wood to-day;
And why the glad song of that beautiful bird
Seemed sweeter than any you ever have heard.

The Lord keeps around us, by day and by night,
Kind angels to guard us, and lead us aright;
When you try to be useful, and pleasant, and mild,
I know that the angels are leading my child.

For the good thoughts and feelings which they will impart,
When you try to do right, will gladden your heart;
And this is why all looked so happy and gay,
As you walked home from school through the green wood to-day."

"God is Here, Too."

Nurse came in, and found Bessie wide-awake, lying very still in her little bed.

"All alone and in the dark," said nurse, "and not afraid at all, Bessie, are you?"

"No, indeed," answered Bessie, "for I ain't all alone. God is here; and I look out the window and see the stars, and God seems to me looking down with all his eyes, nurse."

"To be sure," said nurse; "but God up in the sky is a great way off."

"No," spoke little Bessie; "God is here, too, because he seems sometimes *hugging me to his heart;* then I am so happy!"

Oh, how sweet to feel God near! to be resting on his bosom like a child in its father's arms!

The Little Maltese Kitten.

WOULD you hear of our little drab kitten
Then hark to the story I tell:
We found her, one cold autumn morning,
Clinging fast to the rocks, in the well.

Her suit of drab clothing was dripping,
And her aspect was woful and sad,
Having spent quite a time in the cavern.
Do you wonder her temper was bad?

Though we sought her with best of intentions,
With our hearts full of pity and grief,
She met all our kindness with scorning,
With scratching and spitting, — in brief,

With all those cat habits you know of;
And indeed it was no pleasant task
To draw her up, drenched like a naiad,
In the warm, mellow sunshine to bask.

But now she's forgotten her peril;
She is such a sweet little pet,
I am sure, should you see her, dear children,
Upon her your hearts you would set.

She is sleek, and she's smart, and *so* pretty!
There never was known such a cat.
And her name? I've no doubt you will like it —
It's not rug, nor carpet, but — "Mat."

And when by the fire she lies purring,
All curled in a ball soft and round,
Though 'twere tiger or leopard-skin, surely
No prettier "mat" could be found.

Helen.

For the Myrtle.

The Brook that Visited the Sun.

ONE beautiful spring morning, years ago, a little brook came out of the dark ground, and found itself in the middle of a deep forest. It looked up to the blue sky, and, seeing the bright sun smiling down through the branches of the trees, thought that nothing could be more beautiful or more grand. As it thought, it began to wish that it might go to the fair land where the sun lived. How so small a brook would ever reach a country so distant, it could not tell; but not being easily discouraged, it determined to find a way. So it leaped from stone to stone, and crept under each little pebble, peeping out here and there to see the many wonderful things, till it came to a place where some buttercups lived. The brook thought that perhaps they might know the way to the sun; so it asked them. They said that they knew very well that the great sun dwelt on the top of a high hill, not very far off, and they had often seen him resting there at evening. The brook thanked them and went on its way much gladdened, and they nodded their golden heads and wished it good speed.

It flowed on for some time through many green fields, and at last it saw the top of the hill in the distance, and on it was the sun, as the buttercups had said; but on coming nearer, the brook saw with sorrow that the sun was not there, but was going slowly away from the hill. It gazed sadly after him, but he went far westward, and at last could be seen no longer. Then it began to grow dark, and the brook did not know what to do nor where to go; so, seeing a frog close by, it asked him if he could tell where it might find rest for the night. The frog replied that he thought it might find rest in a meadow not far away; so the brook thanked him, and hurried on till it came to the meadow. There was tall green grass in this meadow, and the brook wandered around till it came to an old rock lifting its gray head out of the ground. The brook was pleased with the rock, for it had on its head a beautiful wreath of moss, such as grew in the old forest, and so it asked if it might rest beside it. The rock said "Yes," so it stayed there all night, and in the morning it saw with joy that the sun had come again; so, bidding the old rock "good-by," it went on its way.

Soon it saw a child, who said, "Little brook, will you sail my boat for me?"

The brook answered, "I will, if you will tell me the way to the sun."

Then the child said, "I have often seen him on the tops of high trees, and tall steeples, and some day I mean to go and see him myself. Will you not wait and go with me?"

The brook said "No," for it knew the child was wrong; and laughing a low, pleasant laugh to itself, flowed away, leaving the child far behind; but it took the little boat a short distance to please him, and stopped it with a small twig, so that he might get it easily.

Bye and bye it came to a large oak-tree, and it looked up through the branches at the sun, and he smiled as he did the first time it saw him, but he seemed as far away as ever, and it began to think it should never reach his home.

There was a little bird up in a tree, and hearing the brook murmur it took pity on it, and said, "I sometimes fly far away, and in my flight I come to a great ocean, and I have often seen the sunbeams come down from the heavens and

take the waters of the ocean up to the sun; and if you reach the ocean in time, they will take you up too." With many kind wishes to the bird, the brook flowed away as fast as it could. At last it came to the great waters, and the smile of the sun was resting upon them, and it seemed to the brook that he could not be very far away; so it looked up and said, "O sun, take me to your home!" and the sun, looking, saw the little brook and sent down his beams, and they led it up into the blue sky. Everything was so beautiful that the brook thought it would stay there forever, and the sun threw over it a delicate blue covering, and called it a cloud. It roamed all over the fields of the sun, and and looked down on the flowers and trees far below. After many days it came over the forest where it used to live, and saw that the flowers which had come out of the ground when it did were all gone back, and, as it looked, it drew nearer and nearer, and then wished to go back to the old forest once more; so it bade the sun farewell, and threw off its beautiful robe, and came down from the sky in bright drops into the forest, and the pine-trees shook their branches for joy, and the daisies opened their eyes wide and smiled, and the brook was glad it had come back, and it determined to stay in the old forest always, and never wander again to the fields of the sun, though they are so much more beautiful.

Maggie C. Schouler.

The Boy With a Straw Hat.

A crippled beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered around him, mimicking his awkward movements. Presently, a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man pick up his gifts and place them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hand, he was running away, when a voice from above him said, "Little boy with a straw hat, look up!" A lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow! God will bless you for that!" As he walked along, he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the lady's smile and her approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his Heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"They Say."

"They say"—Ah! well, suppose they do—
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought:
Why count yourself among the "they,"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

"They say"—But why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

"They say"—Well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more"?

"They say"—Oh! pause, and look within,
See how thine heart inclines to sin;
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou too should'st sink beneath its power;
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all.

Maxims For Young Men.

Keep good company or none.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquor.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper; small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind.

Never gamble.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Good Words.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Sunday School at North Adams has been re-organized.

—— The Sunday School connected with the Universalist Society in Somerville, in connection with the Unitarian Sunday School of the same place, and also the school belonging to the Universalist Society of North Cambridge, had their annual excursion on July 19th, at Echo Grove, East Saugus.

CONNECTICUT.

—— Now is the time for Sunday School picnics and excursions. The church and school of the Church of the Redeemer, Hartford, had their annual excursion July 21st. Five hundred and fifty persons in all went on board the boat. The sail down the river, with its variegated and charming scenery, was a most delightful one. A ride of about three hours and a half brought the excursionists to Welwyn Park, which was gaily decorated with flags. Horace Johnson, Esq., the proprietor of the grounds, was at the wharf, and as the barge came alongside, welcomed the party in a brief speech to its hospitalities. Nothing occurred to mar the festivities of the day, and all pronounced the excursion one of the best they had ever had.

NEW YORK.

—— The society at Auburn have added a chapel to their church. It is just completed, and was formally dedicated on July 8th. It is to be used exclusively by the Sunday School. It is a light and airy room on the first floor, fifty-four feet in length by thirty-four feet in width, with ceiling sixteen feet. The walls are tastefully tinted, and give an extremely cheerful aspect to the whole room; the windows are high, protected by inside blinds; the whole room is lighted by four chandeliers. Carpets adorn the floor; and the settees for the school have spring seats, and are nicely upholstered in "green" and "orange." On the chapel floor is the library, the pastor's study, and an ante-room leading into the church proper. Ascending a wide flight of stairs, passing the cloak room, we enter the parlor of the church, a room of the same size of the school-room beneath, except that the ceiling is two feet higher.

On the occasion of the dedication, the chandeliers, desk and windows were covered with a profusion of bouquets and wreaths, whose fragrance filled the room, and whose brilliant colors fascinated the eye. Over the rostrum were suspended photographs of former pastors of the society, and a finely-executed bust of the present pastor. The photograph of the departed Day K. Lee was surrounded with a wreath of immortelles, emblems of a pure and beautiful life. The dedicatory exercises prepared for the occasion and conducted by the Sunday School were beautiful and appropriate. Brief addresses were made by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, D. D., by whom the school was organized thirty-seven years ago, Rev. A. R. Green, of Canton, Rev. E. M. Grant, a graduate of the school, the pastor, Rev. J. G. Bartholomew, D. D., the superintendent, and by the chairman of the building committee, Mr. J. Lewis Grant. The singing by the Sunday School was especially excellent, reflecting great credit upon Mrs. Lawrence and Miss Mary Stupp, who made the selections and practised the children for the occasion. In every particular the exercises were interesting and impressive. They indicate a substantial step forward under Dr. Bartholomew's successful pastorate.

NEW JERSEY.

—— The teachers of the Sunday School connected with the society in Newark visited their superintendent, Geo. T. Woodbury, on Saturday evening, July 1st, much to his surprise. They presented him with a handsome black walnut bookcase of the value of $75. On the case was a neatly engraved silver plate, with the following: "Presented to Capt. G. T. Woodbury by the members and friends of the Sunday School of the Universalist Society of Newark, N. J., July 1, 1871." The presentation was made by Miss Currier in a very neat and appropriate address. The Captain was entirely taken by surprise, and replied with a few well-timed remarks. Subsequently the party sat down to an elegantly set table, and did the subject full justice. The affair will long be remembered by those who participated.

IOWA.

—— The Universalist Sunday School at Fort Dodge has just received, through the efficient effort of Mrs. Howe, from Boston and Charlestown, Mass., an invoice of books for the library, worth about one hundred dollars. The school is specially grateful for the kindness of the Eastern friends.

God Our Friend.

God is our friend. Eet us think of him as such always; never as our enemy. He loves all his children with an everlasting love. No friendship can be stronger or deeper than his. Yet this very love prompts him to reprove them for their folly, to punish them for their sins. If the scorching flame is to give us warning that we come not too near it lest we be burned, so are the fires of God's just retribution burning wherever transgression occurs, to warn us that we come not near them. The pangs which the Prodigal in the Parable endured were inflicted by sovereign mercy. They aroused him to duty and sent him home to his Father's house, where the ring and the best robe awaited him. Always does God deal thus with those who forsake his law and walk not according to his precepts. While he makes the path of the just as the shining light, he also renders the way of the wicked as darkness. And amid this darkness he is calling upon them to return to him, that they may find in his presence fulness of joy, and at his right hand pleasures forevermore. Our best earthly friends are those who are most faithful with us when we do wrong. God is such a friend.

A Praiseworthy Example.

Thomas Lincoln, the youngest son of ex-President Abraham Lincoln, died in Chicago on the fifteenth of July. His pet name, "Tad," was given him by his father when he was a child. He was remarkably intelligent and agreeable, and had some excellent traits of character. His moral firmness may be well illustrated by the fact that while in Europe with his mother, where the custom of beer and wine-drinking is so common among boys as well as men, he uniformly refused to taste or have anything to do with intoxicating beverages of any kind, — a lesson for all the young men of the land.

A Good Scholar.

What do our young readers think of a young miss who was obliged to walk two and a half miles to her Sabbath School every Sabbath, but who during a year had failed in her attendance only two Sabbaths, and had lost but one lesson? We have heard of such an one. What a praiseworthy example! Ye children who live nearer your Sabbath Schools, but are yet absent from them much oftener, think of this young scholar, and learn faithfulness by her example.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XLVII.

THE MIRACLE OF FEEDING FIVE THOUSAND.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. xiv. 13–21; Luke ix. 10–17; John vi. 1–14.

Question. — When the disciples had returned from their missionary work and reported to the Saviour, what did he do?

Answer. — Matt. xiv. 13.

NOTE. This place is supposed to be on the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

Q. — How did crowds of people follow him?

A. — Matt. xiv. 13.

Q. — What miracles did Jesus work for them?

A. — Matt. xiv. 14.

Q. — As evening approached, what did his disciples urge Jesus to do?

A. — Matt. xiv. 15.

Q. — Why did they urge Jesus to send the multitude away?

A. — Matt. xiv. 15.

Q. — When Jesus told them to feed the multitude, what did they say?

A. — Matt. xiv. 17.

Q. — What did Jesus do after commanding the people to sit down?

A. — Matt. xiv. 19.

Q. — Was the hunger of the great company satisfied?

A. — Matt. xiv. 20.

Q. — How much was gathered up after all had been fed?

A. — Matt. xiv. 20.

Q. — How many partook?

A. — Matt. xiv. 21.

Q. — Did Jesus now wish to be left alone?

A. — Matt. xiv. 22.

Q. — What did he do when he was entirely alone?

A. — Matt. xiv. 23.

Jesus did not neglect the duties this world imposes. And after he had done his duty among men, he retired to commune with God. He kept, and we should follow his example in keeping, both commandments — love to men and love to God.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

My first was builded towards the skies,
Of wood and stone brought from afar;
My second hid the Jewish spies;
My third fell in King David's war.

My fourth sometime shall be no more —
Lost in eternity's vast sea;
My fifth — the fair hereafter shore —
The Christian's final home shall be.

My whole, "though crushed, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

Enigma No. 2.

My first was the father of Moses
And Aaron, prophets of old;
My second to curse Israel journeyed,
Enticed by King Balaak's gold.

My third was a cunning hunter,
Who sold his birthright to another;
My fourth resided in Sodom;
My whole was slain by his brother.

Answers.

JULY 29. Jerusalem; Egypt; Wilderness; Sinai. Jews.

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